

*Charles M. Wallace
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ADDRESS

TO THE

Winyah Indigo Society

OF

Georgetown, South Carolina,

One Hundred and Fifty-Third Anniversary,

MAY 4th, 1894,

BY

HENRY D. CAPERS,

OF

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

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*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Wynyaw—
Indigo Society :*

There are occasions in the history of all peoples recurring with each return of an anniversary which are illustrative of their peculiar virtues of civilization and in their distinctive features giving marked expression to their personal characteristics. Whether it be in the ceremonials instituted by conventional usage to commemorate some achievement in art or in arms; whether it be to recognize the birthday of an individual or of a nation; whether to preserve the record of personal virtue or a mere incident in the history of a community however instituted and for whatever purpose recognized, these occasions are never without interest, never without suggestive thoughts, never without instructive lessons to those who comprehend and would perpetuate their historic import.

History, while made up from the actions of men, is better read and best preserved in the public recognition of the anniversaries commemorative of these actions. The monuments erected by man in every age and among all people are but silent witnesses attesting a history that succeeded them, the mute testators of personal or of national achievements which had preceded their erection, the dumb evidences of facts preserved through traditions, perpetuated in recurring ceremonials instituted before these foundation stones were laid.

A people without an anniversary occasion, without a fete or a festival, without a single ceremonial institution, is a people without a history.

Whether it be to eulogize personal courage or a national triumph—whether to extol individual virtues or the glories of a State, there has always been among all civilized, and even among some so-called uncivilized people, some occasion, which, as a link in the great chain of human events connects the past with the present.

Such an occasion, my friends, brings us together here to-day.

We are here to recognize and to pay proper respect to an anniversary day, inaugurated by our forefathers in the colonial days of Carolina, when men and women, worthy of the name, were establishing the virtues of European civilization among the wilds of the western continent.

For one hundred and fifty-three years you have with a vestal fidelity nourished the flame kindled upon this altar and with but brief intervals, made by the discord of war, year after year you have come to this colonial Mecca with a most commendable zeal and have cherished the sacred fire, which I find brightly burning to-day, even amid the turmoil and confusion of a period of so-called progress in civilization.

Permit me to express to you and this venerable society, Mr. President, my most sincere congratulations. I have no language adequate to express the gratitude I feel in being permitted to meet with you to-day, to join in the congratulations or share with you in the sorrows which our reveries naturally provoke.

On such an occasion, while there is much in these surroundings, Mr. President, to inspire in me a song of thanksgiving; while my congratulations to you, my friends, are sincerely given, and are justly provoked by

the circumstance of our meeting to-day, and while it is really restful to me to linger in these sweet words, yet I am reminded that you expect from me an address that will express something more than the mere platitudes of an occasion.

By the bright light of your own altar, the long vista of the past is so well illumined, that we find without difficulty much to admire, to charm even to poetic inspiration, in the history of the men and women who have made the glories of our past civilization; but, sir, while this is undoubtedly true, I cannot find in the most powerful reflector completeness enough to enable me to throw from this beacon a searching ray that will penetrate the dark, shadowy and ominous future into which we or our posterity must soon move and live or be lost in a fearful maelstrom of civil revolution. As the only hope I can have, or that to my mind appears based upon a sensible, comprehension of the laws that have governed the evolution of civilization in the past, or that must govern it in the future, comes from the manly and womanly virtues of our ancestors, I would turn to these and ask your patience, while here and there, as I turn backward the light, I may discover and offer to your admiration the strength, the graces and the completeness of those who have transferred to your keeping the sacred flame of this ancient altar.

I am aware, Mr. President, that it is not considered either wise or expedient in the highways, of these days of mechanical thought and mechanical action, to regard the past, or to venerate, or to honor its experience, other than as a relic, a sort of a historical "bric-a-brac" for the child of a new era, to regard as a toy or to make reference

to as a flippant jest, or the man of accidents and profits to rest a claim in for his gain or for his respectability.

Yet, nevertheless, I find these, as I reach my three score years of experience, all that is with me worthy of honor, of admiration or veneration.

These young people, these boys and girls, who your society, with a fostering care, worthy of the genius that instituted it, send out year after year into the currents of life to float with its drift, will reach one day a period in life when, like myself, they will stop on the way and turn backward the wonderful kaleidoscope of their memories. Happily for them if they should, in doing so, renew their virtues of manhood or womanhood at this honored place.

Within the past two or three decades there has become manifest a spirit of unrestfulness growing year after year in strength, until now it has grown into a turbulent tide, moving organized bodies of men hither and thither in search for that they cannot find, hoping for that they cannot realize, drifting, wherever, to whatever current drawn by the shrewdness, the cupidity, or the unhallowed ambition of individual gain or of political partisan benefits.

We view these movements from a distance, but we cannot view them with unconcern. The beating of these restless waves against the breakwaters erected by our ancestors to preserve the genius of the government they have transmitted to us, comes now as but the sensitive touch we must ever feel while bound to the people of the northern States by a kinship of benefits or of suffering inseparable, because we are now united to them, as a part of the same government, by a tie of iron, and we are of necessity,

whether willingly or unwillingly, a part of the same government. This bond of union was once stronger than the best of steel, stronger than mere benefits and more exalted than a consideration of profits. It was once the love knot of a pure, unselfish and devoted patriotism, adjusted on our part by Jefferson, Patrick Henry, your own great man Lynch, and approved by Rutledge and Pickney, and hallowed by the ordeals, the sufferings and the achievements of a conflict for the rights, the liberties and the immunities of a restful citizenship, under the genius of the great chart of English constitutional government.

But yet, Mr. President, and my good friends, notwithstanding this bond of union with the north men has been cancelled on its face by their own acts; notwithstanding the love knot that once bound them to us is even at this late day without a complete readjustment, we cannot but sympathize with our quondam friends who are now invaded with an army of restless, if not desperate men, who have no ties to bind them to a home, no hallowed place of love at which to rest their wearied energies, renew their spirits with the inspiration of manly associations, or encourage an honest sentiment of patriotism, but who, repeating a dark chapter in the history of the past, come down in hordes upon our American Rome, and, with impious hands of Gallic barbarity, would reach for the unctuous beards of our Senators, defy the precedent and the laws of civilization and riot in the licentious orgies of anarchy among the monuments and the memories of our history, and at the very altars of our constitutional government.

Such scenes as are now being enacted along the highways of commerce in the northern States of our American

Union would have been impossible with the men who founded your institutions, and whose every act and expression of citizenship was originated, influenced and made under the conserving genius of a civilization that had as its strongest and its best inspiration the love of home; impossible, because there was nothing so uncertain or contingent in their industrial pursuits as to alienate these affections, destroy these attachments, and to send them out to drift aimlessly on the great ocean of life.

Our fathers were men of faith—a pure, simple and sensible faith in their own purposes, because they knew and felt these to be honest; faith in their neighbors, because they found them to be in all things upright, candid and sincere; faith in a God of righteousness, whose laws in nature they conformed to in their acts of worship, in their service of labor, and in their methods of life, without seeking to conform those laws to their selfish ends, their ambitions or to any uncertain theories of moral or social obligations. Hence they were not men of isms or schisms. They never sought to force a result to suit their personal benefits or partisan schemes, either in affairs temporal or spiritual, but were content when these results were the effects or the consequences of well established and legitimate laws—laws approved by long experience and tested by practical observation—to yield a cheerful acquiescence and accept the result as the sequence of an irresistible logic. For these reasons they revered the truth, and abhorred a falsehood; for these reasons they applauded all manly acts of courage or devotion, and despised a moral coward not less than they condemned the braggart and the bully. They were men who

did right because they loved righteousness ; they were men who would condemn the wrong because they had the courage of their convictions, and feared not to express them.

They were men who were just and equitable in all things and in the smallest affairs of life were as careful and as thorough as it was possible to be.

Hence their lives were the constant reflex of the most honorable citizenship and in the exercise of administrative authority, whether in the domestic relations of life or in the affairs of municipal or of state authority, they wove the perfect fabric of a secure, a peaceful and a happy government.

Hence they were men who were content to wait the growth of a great tree from the small mustard seed planted in the faith of individual or of collective effort and nourished with care and encouraged to a full fruition by an unselfish and devoted discharge of duty.

They wove into the tapestries of their characters the richest colorings by the patience of the smallest stitches and with the finest fabrics of truth and the loftiest virtues of manhood and womanhood.

Thus have I endeavored, Mr. President, to bring from the past the virtues which have made the early history of your community, which have reflected their goodness and their strength upon the history of our State, and to present them to the youth of this day as the most complete ideal of manhood, the best offering I could make at this altar.

In my ramble backward through this vista of time, I find ever growing stronger, ever growing purer, ever getting brighter, a personal integrity of character, a manly indi-

vidualism, a generous recognition of social relations, an incorruptible devotion to principle, a reverence for honorable age, a respect for constituted authority, an uncorrupted and incorruptible integrity, which I must say in all candor to you, my friends, is not equalled in this guilded day of our so-called American progress.

Do not now after this declaration judge me as being pessimistic either in spirit or in expression, either because of my associations with those or with that which have about them, the evidences of antiquity, or because I have had the winters of years to chill the ardors of my youth.

There is much that is good in the present, much that is good in the future to come, but neither the present nor the future can claim any of this goodness, for you or for me or for posterity, except as it has received it by the impress of the goodness of the past.

Eliminate from our moral character the virtues of true citizenship, the integrity, the patient endurance, the industry, the frugality, the temperate zeal, the lofty patriotism, and the noble purposes in life that we have here set before us in the history of this society as the characteristics of your ancestors, and what more are we? What more can you be (in this year of grace) but *recruits* for some legion of anarchist, or the aimless, shiftless, pliant tools of juggling politicians?

And first, then, allow me, my friends, to call the attention of these young men and boys who are gathered at your call, to this altar, to that *simplicity of honest citizenship* so beautifully illustrated in the history of our fathers.

In doing so I desire to make an emphasis upon the term I have employed to qualify my honest citizenship—

SIMPLICITY.

Their ways were direct and straightforward; no dissimulation, no equivocation in speech, no duplicity in action, but in all things open, frank, and sincere. Their statements were made in the simplicity of truth and their obligations, even though orally made, were given, received and discharged with an inviolable fidelity that no bond could strengthen and no assurance make more secure.

There was nothing complex or mystical in their professions or their practices. No assumption of guise or of character, but in all they were or all they desired to be there was a personality unmistakable, that fixed the merit of the man or the woman in all they said and all they did. Hence they were known by their personal works and honored for their personal merits. And hence it is that all through this long vista of time their works do honor them.

In their business affairs or industrial pursuits, they were earnest, judicious, persistent and courageous. Whether at the office, in the counting room, or in the field, there was an even tenor to their way, that made the diapason of life's music full and sweet.

There may be, to us of this age, a slowness in the movement, but with all the rapidity of our electric snap we have never yet brought to the heart or to the hearthstone more of real substantial joy than came surely, if it was slowly, to those who were willing to labor and to wait for the full fruition of their well-directed labor and manly purpose.

They were men of forecast, who planned and worked,

lived and hoped, not alone for themselves, but for posterity.

Their unwearied energies met the opposition of savage hosts, cleared away the tangled growth of a primitive forest, levied rivers, drained our swamp lands, and brought from a willing, fruitful soil the richest returns.

To-day the grateful shade of their grand avenues invites to a restful repose and leads to homesteads and to institutions of learning, to temples of Christian worship and to retreats for the unfortunates that have survived the ravages of time, and the vandalism of invading armies; all these attesting their unselfish devotion to the duties and a just appreciation of the obligations of a worthy and a noble citizenship.

Attached to the soil by a right of ownership, they used this right not in the wantonness of that spirit which desired only a speedy and a speculative return, but content to receive the blessings and the reward of patient labor, they returned by judicious appliances year after year, as the harvest was garnered, all that was necessary to maintain the vigor and productive capacity upon which they had so liberally drawn.

These men reaped where they had sown. At their homes and about their firesides there were many sweet associations, many endearments, that come alone to those who rest under their own vines and enjoy the fruit from a tree of their own planting. Hence they were patriots, and they were the fathers and the mothers of patriots. There is, there has ever been, there will ever be, the highest, best and purest expressions of patriotism among those whose love of country springs from their attachment to the soil, to some fixed abode, where the hallowed associa-

tions of childhood, youth and mature age all center themselves at a sacred altar, to which the memory of a mother's love and of a father's benediction lead the soul of man, by an intuition he cannot resist, on and up to a worship more sincere than can be induced by the cold formulas of cosmopolitan usage.—I desire, Mr. President, to ask the patience of my audience, and especially the attention of the young men and boys who are to become at no distant day the successors of those who hold in their keeping the sacred trust you are so well discharging, while I endeavor to give emphasis to the declaration just made.

While it is true, my young friends, that to some extent the circumstances that surround you differ from those in which your ancestors lived and labored, yet allow me to assure you that these circumstances are not so changed as to prevent your achievements in the future from being worthy of comparison with those that come to you, through your country's history, as the legacy of a noble posterity.

There is no law of evolution, physical or moral, that has changed the conditions under which these characters were made or that gives to you or to others some other and surer formula by which you may hope to achieve success, secure the honors of a true and noble life, or the emoluments and rewards that were and yet are given by a youth of labor to the blessings of old age—as the highest, best and only true reward which is to be reached by man in this world—the reward of a conscious sense of self respect, which outlives all misfortune, the reward of judicious and well directed labor to which nothing is denied and nothing worth having can be acquired, the re-

ward of a faith in God, and an implicit, restful trust in His providences, a recognition of His divine laws as a rule, and as an inspiration of action, which brought to them unutterable bliss. "As life with them went out, as sets the morning star; behind no darkened West, or amid the tempest of the skies, but that melted away into the life and the light of an immortal heaven."

These were the men, my friends, who have made the brightest chapters in the history of South Carolina, and have given to you the glorious legacy of the past.

These are they who the youth of this State can best honor by practicing their virtues and emulating their examples. I do not make this as an idle declaration, a mere sentiment to entertain you with, or because I am brought before you, my young friends, (by your society) as a living evidence of the truth of all I have said to you. Before these vestals and at this altar, I do not come as a mere advocate, but to this hallowed shrine, you have so faithfully preserved, I come as an humble penitent.

I am expressing myself to you at your most hallowed place on your most honored occasion, as one who has been through the swineherds and knows how the husks of deceit, satisfy the demands of the soul of manhood. I am speaking to you from a place to which there come to my conscious manhood the whisperings of a memory that binds me to your noblest civilization, I am lead to you by a chain whose links were forged in no mere worship of expediency; I am reaching for the hands of these older men as for that of elder brothers, and I am appealing to the sensibilities of those who are to make the history of our country's future as I would to my own children.

In doing so I am not parading the grave clothes of by-gone generations, I am but honoring virtues that have no tomb, and that want no resurrection call, but that are living now and will live forever because they were of immortal birth and are to remain the standards of excellence among men through the ages to come that are to endure and to triumph over every difficulty and over every antagonism until civilization shall be lost in a chaos of unrestrained impulse and the throne and the sceptre of human reason be swayed by some insane demon of discord.

I am not before you as a Socrates to chide some restless and ambitious Glauco or to encourage the Sophists to send the hemlock of their hatred and condemnation to those who may disagree with me in theory, or rebuke them in their mad ravings, but I am here to rest my own soul in honoring with you the memories of the men who were not less than Socrates in being the masters of their own passions, and who were wiser than the Sophists because they preferred the growth and commercial value of indigo to the poison of hemlock.

If there were men in those days I am honest enough, I am yet truthful enough, I am grateful enough and not ashamed to say to you that there were women in those days; women who advised, who counseled, who prayed, and who hoped, and who worked, and whose sweet, honest, winsome ways of a pure, and an honest womanhood, not only co-ordinated the vanity, the arrogance, and the assumption of their liege Lords, but who very often enabled them to express an acknowledgment of and and an admiration for the virtues to which I have asked your attention, my young friends, in this morning of 1894. Pray allow me to recall their precious memories and

their noble works. In his most interesting and instructive review of the early history of South Carolina, Mr. Courtenay presents the following testimonial, as one of the many precious and lovely flowers he has so well collected and has so gracefully woven into the chapters of the Year Book of Charleston for 1883:

“As the colony was indebted to the intelligent use of a chance opportunity availed of by Governor Thomas Smith for the introduction of rice culture, which so rapidly supplied cheap food for both man and beast, and added so largely to the wealth of the people, so fifty years thereafter it came about that a young lady, by her intelligent observation and diligence, was the originator of Indigo culture in Colonial Carolina.”

You are familiar with the name of Lucas, or you should be, my dear young friends. It has been associated with the best works and the most worthy achievements of the men who have made your past history, but in the eulogies and tributes we may pay to manhood's achievements, we must not, we cannot forget the women who made the name and the fame of these family histories, we often recur to with pride and venerate with a commendable respect.

While I may be reading to you an oft repeated story, pray indulge me, as from Mr. Courtenay's admirable collection, I select and present to you for your appreciation this single flower, so well preserved by him.

“In 1741-42, Colonel Lucas, owning a plantation near the confluence of Wappoo Creek and Stono River, where his family were then residing, encouraged his daughter Eliza's fondness for planting, by sending her seeds and fruits to be tested in this new English Colony. Among

other contributions of this sort was some indigo seed as a subject of experiment. The record shows that without particular information as to the season for sowing or the most desirable soil, she undertook the experiment of indigo culture. The first seed was planted in March, and was destroyed by a frost; the next in April was cut down by worms, a third and later planting succeeded. Upon Colonel Lucas hearing of its growth he sent a Mr. Cromwell from the Island of Monserrat, one of the most healthful and pleasant of the West India Islands, with a soil adapted to the growth of sugar, indigo, coffee and fruits, who was versed in indigo culture, and in the intricate process of its preparation for market, and gave him high wages to develop this new crop in Carolina. Under his direction the first indigo vats, built of brick, were erected on this plantation, and the first Carolina indigo made. It was of inferior quality, and this was attributable to the indigo maker, Mr. Cromwell, who was so impressed with the promise of this experiment as to give expression to regrets that he should have to do what he believed would certainly ruin a similar industry in his own land. He attempted to make a mystery of the work of preparation, but Miss Lucas by close observation got an insight into the complex process, which required fermentation by submerging the plants in cisterns of water, and a tedious and continuous attention to many details of preparation, and was subsequently rewarded by improved results.

In 1744 the whole crop was saved for seed, and given away in small parcels to a great number of planters, and through this liberal action the growth of indigo became plentiful in the Colony.

So you perceive, my friends that you are indebted to a true woman, even for a part of the name of your society, and in this, as in other matters, that it was not the man alone, but that it was the woman as his helpmeet who was the real author and originator of blessings in the days of our fathers.

I have no impulse given to my thought which would dishonor the memories of the past with a fulsome laudation. I have no occasion here in which such would be either worthy of the men, who are the decendants and the representatives of the gentle, honest and true women who cheered the spirits, nerved the arms and encouraged the worthy ambitions and purposes of the men who made the colonial history of our country. I recall the love of a mother born and reared in your midst whose simple graces of womanhood cannot be adorned by any draperies of eulogy, and in doing so I honor your own sacred loves by touching in tenderness the sweetest chord of that wondrous harp hidden in our finer natures by a God, who they honored and served in the purity and restfulness of a perfect faith.

How pleasant it is thus to go back to the fountain source of the purest and sweetest, the noblest and best inspirations of life.

It is indeed a gracious pleasure to linger in the sweet restfulness of these thoughts; but delightful as it is to me I must pass on to the consideration of matters that are features of the present period in our history, and that are affecting the interests of our social life and of necessity are influencing the civilization of the age in which we are living.

The mechanical spirit of this period, so admirably por-

trayed by the great English Essayist, Mr. Carlisle, has reached the point of autocratic sway over the minds and the souls of men and women which Greek and Roman philosophy reached when there was substituted the law of *Expediency* for the law of *righteousness*; a point at which we can begin to trace the decline of their civilizations.

The rule with our fathers was, that whatever was right was expedient; the rule now is that whatever is expedient is the right thing to do. Of this expediency the single thought now is will the measure or the act result in good to me or success to my cause, if so move on to the result.

Is it to reach some goal in public life on which youth has fixed a longing eye and to reach which ambition has plumed wings that have been untried in a single flight beyond the campus of a college or the roof of an academy, the youth drives on the phaeton steeds of his aspiration, reckless of who is injured or what is done by himself or by his friends, until, at last he may find himself clothed with the drapery of a dignity he cannot wear with grace and invested with power which he is as apt to use to the injury of the state and to the distress of his people as otherwise. His expediency dishonors the most sacred ties of relationship and the most exalted virtues of citizenship.

If he, who, by long service and established character and patriotic sacrifice and distinguished abilities is in his way, he must get out of the way or be jostled and rudely pushed aside by the "*new era*" man of so called progress.

Like the Spartan, under the rule of the Commonwealth of Lycurgus, he has a cave at some Taygetus, and there he or his confederates would throw the body of the one

who may have rebuked his temerity, or whose well-won honors he covets. He would deck his persons in the trappings of greatness if for sooth, he cannot transform his character into that of the great and the good man.

To-day, my friends, one of the curses of our goodly land, if not its chief source of evil, is in the inordinate thirst for the pomp and display of official station and the greedy desire for the emoluments or for the power of executive authority.

In the good and happy period of our history as a State, when Carolina laws were quoted in Europe and in America as precedents, when her commercial interests and character was second to none in the civilized world, the custom was to select from among the people the best men, men whose characters were up to the standard, I have presented to you, men of wisdom and probity and send them to our legislative halls, charged with the duty and provided with the authority to take care of the people's interest. There these legislators, in a quiet, economical and prudent manner, discharged the trust confided to them by their neighbors, and returned to their homes to receive the respect and recognition which had made them to know that it was a high honor to serve the people in the service of the State.

As in the legislative department of the State so was it in her judicial history, so was it in every official station and trust, all through the list of civil administration public and private, corporate or otherwise, down to the tipstave of a court, all were selected for the goodness of their characters and their efficiency, and as long as they were faithful, as long as they honored Carolina, just so long did the old mother, the uncorrupted people honor them

As a result of this mania for office seeking nowadays we find that the basis of our material prosperity, the true foundation of our civilization—(to be found in the judicious cultivation of our fruitful soil)—is being overturned and a restless thriftless speculative spirit takes our young men every where from Washington City to the smallest cross road hustings, searching for some office, let its emoluments be ever so small and its functions ever so limited.

It is out of this class that the men come who form combinations and "*rings*," combinations that bring down the most dignified office of the State to a plane of jobbery and to a dirty mart of barter and exchange.

To these I would direct the youth of this audience as to an objective lesson, and let them see how degrading and debasing it is to become the purchased tool of a trading politician.

I am aware, Mr. President, that there are a large number of very worthy young men whose misfortunes have made them too poor to own in fee the soil of our generous mother, and there are also others who are driven to other pursuits from a want of moral courage oftener than from any other cause. I am often brought in contact with these young men, and have often been asked to recommend them for almost every kind of clerkship, but rarely if ever, for the most inviting position on a farm. With most of these young men, this is not because judicious farming does not pay. I am sorry to say, young ladies, that in some instances it has been because your encouraging smiles are not for cheeks of tan. Too often the trim cut clothes of the so-called commercial tourist, whose display in making a flourish in our towns and villages allures with its spangle the youth,

who if he labors with the plow or hoe, hears oftener invidious comparisons than words of encouragement from the fair associates of his daily life. Again, if the youth of the south does not own or may not inherit a landed property he finds that as a laborer he must meet upon a common plain a certain class, who, if not shackled as convicts, are at best belonging to a cast not considered respectable by the accidental nabobs of this guilded period. Hence he goes West to the plains of a freer competition or seeks some other occupation recognized as being more honorable by the false sentiment of his weak minded associates.

There are many noble exceptions, however, be it said to the honor of our manhood, where all these distinctions and differences, with regard to the dignity of pursuits and the uncertainty of agricultural labor, have not been adjusted in the shade in philosophic disquisitions, but by the well-directed labor of the individual; when from the smallest beginnings the true man has steadily moved up to a position of influence and in emoluments and in honors realizes the sure reward of his well-directed energies. We have many such men yet living in our State, and it is to their energies, their spirit and their representative manhood that we owe to-day all of the prosperity and security that we enjoy in South Carolina. Ask such an one if farming pays, and he will point you with pride from his well-tilled fields and well-kept premises to his well-filled barns and restful home of joy and peace.

My friends, there is but one way that I can conceive of, only one honest common sense way of settling all of these paraded difficulties of the labor question in our country. Let every one go to work in earnest and with good judg-

ment in his life chosen pursuit. Let fathers and mothers teach and illustrate by their example that the idler lounging about some public place, is a disgrace to true manhood whether clothed in purple or not. Let our legislators not only enact, but let Executive Officers enforce in every town, village and hamlet wholesome laws punishing vagrancy as a crime.

Let the man of toil have the just reward due for his labor and give oh! fair daughter of our Sunny land! give your sweetest smiles to those, who in manly grapplings with a life of reality merit most your highest esteem.

Young men—the sons and the successors of those who have made the grand history of your country—you have only to be worthy of your birthright, worthy of the manhood that gave you a right to this heritage, that all along through this century has written the splendid history of Carolina, and as they have done so, may you transmit to posterity the undimmed luster of their achievements and transmit to another generation the record of your worthy lives.

My address Mr. President may appear prosaic to some and wanting in the flash of rhetorical pyrotechnics. If so I trust that my sincerity may be a sufficient excuse for the plainness of the language in which I express my deliberate convictions.

It appears to me, sir, that the time has come in the history of our state and country, when we need the convictions of honest minds and souls, and to commune with each other in the simplicity of the truth.

If a single thought or expression I have presented to this assembly shall result in any good to but a single

youth who may be contemplating his future course in life, I shall not have spoken to you in vain.

The generation of men to which I belong, will, in another decade or two have left this goodly heritage, this great old State and this home of our fathers, and will be gathered to themselves. Our places are to be filled by others who may be better men than we have been, but they cannot be better than the fundamental principles of manhood and of womanhood to which I have endeavored to call their attention.

My young friends beyond the horison of what may now appear to you to be a clear and boundless sky of beauty, there are storm clouds, and chilling winds which you will be most fortunate if you do not (sooner or later) meet with. Through every vicissitude, through every danger you may move unharmed and become but the stronger, for the trial of your strength if you have had fixed within your natures the principles of your fathers and mothers to which I have endeavored to call your attention.

If you have been, are and continue to be true to these, the God of righteousness will be with you, my young friends, and you must become blessings to your friends and ornaments in the social relations of your life. And thus alone may your lives become anthems of perfect praise to your creator and the best expression of his most perfect work, *A true man and a true woman.*





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